NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

" WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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THE DEATH-BED.

BY MRS. OPIE

BELMOUR, a gentleman residing in Dublin, was a man of small fortune, but of large expectations. He was heir to a distant and avaricious relation, who, not being able to bear the sight of the man who was to enjoy after his death that precious wealth which he had not the spirit to enjoy himself, forbade him his presence, and coldly allowed the noble-minded representative of an antient family to struggle with all the difficulties of a limited income.

These difficulties Belmour was imprudent enough to increase by a marrying a young woman who had no dower but her beauty. But, like Jaffier, "he was in love, and pleased with ruin:" or rather, his lovely wife made so many promises of being attentive to the strictest rules of œconomy, that Belmour thought ruin could not reach them, and believed that Mrs. Belmour, as well as himself, had not a wish beyond the joys of home, and the little circle of enlightened friends to whom he was proud to introduce her. During the first year of their marriage, Mrs. Belmour's wishes were, perhaps, as confined as his own; nor did she make any prudent resolutions but what it was her intention to keep. But vanity was her ruling passion, and, though curbed by love, it was by no means subdued.—Though she was so beautiful in face, so perfect in form that she needed not the usual ornaments of her sex, she had a most inordinate passion for dress, which, though for a time controlled, led her insensibly into expenses unwarranted by her own original situation in life, or her husband's confined circumstances; and debt succeeded to debt, embarrassment to embarrassment, till, just as the birth of a daughter had increased the expences of their little household, when Belmour was endeavouring to curtail his own personal expenditure, in order to provide for the increasing wants of a family, demands, the consequences of his wife's extravagance, came unexpectedly upon him, and the new-blown joys of the father were blighted by the angry sorrows of the husband.

But his resentment, though just, could not continue long against the tears and seeming penitence of his adored Henrietta; she made so many vows of amendment, and while declaring that she felt herself unworthy of his love, she threw into her fine eyes so much touching tenderness, in order to excite it to the utmost, that Belmour pronounced her pardon in the most unequivocal manner; and, putting her child in her arms, contented himself with desiring her to remember, that, by her conduct as a mother, she could amply make him amends for the errors she had committed as a wife.

For some months all went on well again; but, as soon as Mrs. Belmour ceased to be a nurse, the wish of entering into company returned, and with it, the desire of various and expensive dress. Insensibly too, the circle of their acquaintance became enlarged; and the fame of Mrs. Belmour's beauty being spread abroad, she became the fashionable subject of conversation in Dublin; and Mr. Belmour was told it was a matter of surprise and regret at the castle that his beautiful wife was not allowed to grace the circles there.

No man, not even the wisest man perhaps, ever had a beautiful wife, without taking pride in seeing universal homage paid to her charms; and when Mrs. Belmour eagerly entreated her husband to let her be presented, he yielded to the united suggestions of pride and tenderness, and Mrs. Belmour was introduced into the court circle. The consequence was, that in order to vie in dress with her new acquaintance, she again contracted debts, which, remembering the awfulness of her husband's resentment on her first transgressions in this manner, she studiously endeavoured to keep from his knowledge.

At length, however, her chief creditor became clamorous, and his bill was delivered with a threat that he would not leave the house till he was paid, while a rich and profligate young man of fashion, who was Mrs. Belmour's constant attendant, was paying his devoirs to her.

Mrs. Belmour had not yet learned to conceal her feelings; and, overcome almost to fainting at the idea of her husband's being informed of a debt so enormous, colonel Morrison soon drew from her a confession of the nature of her embarrassment; and, telling her that he would leave her for a few minutes to give her an opportunity of recovering herself, he suddenly left the room.

In a few moments after, she heard the door of the hall closed; and colonel Morrison, returning, begged her to forgive the liberty which he had taken, and then informed her that he had discharged the debt which distressed her, himself.

Confused degraded, yet gratified and relieved, Mrs. Belmour wept her thanks, but protested that she should insist on the colonel's receiving back the sum which he had so kindly advanced, by instalments; and instantly she tendered him a small sum, which he, from policy, accepted; and by this measure, being somewhat reconciled to the means by which she had been assisted, Mrs. Belmour resumed her gaiety, and colonel Morrison flattered himself that the designs which he had formed against the honour of this deluded woman, were likely to succeed.

Soon after, he, by his own contrivance, found himself again present when Mrs. Belmour was beset by embarrassments of a similar nature; and again was his assistance tendered and accepted.

The next step was to prevail on her to accept presents, which Belmour's narrow fortune forbade him to make; though often did her affectionate husband lament his inability to gratify her taste, and assure her that, as soon as he became possessed of the fortune in store for them, she should not have a wish ungratified, which money could indulge. But col. Morrison was already in possession of his fortune, and that fortune was at his command; and while he one day paid her debts, another day presented her with expensive ornaments, some of which she dared not wear except when she went out without her husband, as he did not know they were in her possession, her reputation became the victim of his attentions, and her virtue did not long survive it, especially as she learned to consider Belmour with aversion, as soon as she dreaded to behold in him a justly irritated judge.

But guilty as Mrs. Belmour was now become, she was not so lost to every honorable feeling as to bear to live under the roof of her injured husband, while carrying on a criminal intrigue with another man. On the contrary, she did not rest till Col. Morrison had prepared every thing for an elopement; and taking advantage of the very first opportunity that occurred, she fled to infamy and her seducer, and set off with him for the continent.

Mr. Belmour was gone into the country for a few days; and while there, the very day indeed of his wife's elopement, he received an express to let him know that his relation was dead, and that he was at length possessor of the long-expected fortune.

"Now then," cried Mr. Belmour, hastening to town as fast as four horses could carry him, tears of tenderness filling his eyes as he spoke, "now then shall I see the wife of my heart gratified in all her wishes, and able to indulge the liberality of her nature! Oh, Henrietta! never again will your extravagance provoke a reproach from my prudence, but we shall be uninterruptedly happy; so happy!"—here his voice failed him, and he sunk into the silence of full contentment.

"Where is your mistress? is she at home?" cried Mr. Belmour, as the chaise stopped at his door—but without waiting for an answer he ran up into the drawing-room; whither his servant slowly followed him.

"She is not here," he exclaimed, and proceeded to her dressing room—"Is your mistress out?" cried he, turning round to his servant, who held a letter in his hand.

"My—my mistress, sir," cried the servant, wiping his eyes, "went away, that is, went out yesterday, and left this letter for you."

Mr. Belmour seized the letter, and, tearing it open with frantic eagerness, only read enough of it to inform him of his misery, before he fell senseless on the ground; and it was some time before he recovered to wretchedness and recollection.

"But where is my child? is she spared to me?" cried the afflicted husband, starting from the supporting arms of his attendants, and in a moment he was by the bedside of his forsaken Laura.

"Laura! my poor forsaken babe!" cried Belmour, bursting into an agony of tears as he threw himself by the side of the sleeping child, At this moment she awoke; and, uneasy as most children are on awaking from sleep, uttered a loud and impatient cry, which pierced her father to the soul.

"O God!" exclaimed he, striking his fore-

head," poor babe! thou hast no longer a mother to attend thy cries."

But her smiles distressed him as much; and when, soothed by his caresses, the little girl put up her pretty mouth to kiss him, and, smiling through her tears, lisped out, "Dear papa, and dear mamma!"

"Oh, Henrietta!" he cried, "how couldst thou have the heart to forsake her?"

What a slave of criminal selfishness indeed must that mother be, who, for a lover, can forsake her offspring! Let not such a woman presume, in the pride of her heart, to look down with aversion on the poor desperate female who robs of existence the secret pledge of her frailty:—murdereress though she be, she is not more unnatural than the cold-hearted egotist, who can forsake her children for the arms of a seducer, and consent to brand her guiltless child with the dangerous distinction of being the daughter of an adultress.

I will no longer dwell on the distress of M. Belmour, nor on the alternate schemes of revenge, contempt, active resentment, and forbearance which by turns agitated his mind; suffice, that he resolved not to seek redress in a court of justice, and thereby enable himself or his guilty wife to marry again, as he wished not to be tempted to form a second connection;—from a firm conviction, that it was his duty to devote himself entirely to the instruction of his deserted Laura, in order to supply to her the care of the parent whom she had lost; and to imprint deeply on her mind those principles of religion and virtue, to the want of which he attributed the fall of her unhappy mother.

(To be continued.)

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

A rich merchant of Hamburg invited a company of thirty persons to dine with him. His wife wished to treat them with trout at a time when they were extremely scarce. Although she sent in every direction, she was unable to procure them at a less price than a guinea a piece, having told her husband of this, he replied, "although we might incur this expence without inconvenience, yet I think it improper." At dinner he ordered to be placed on the table a dish containing thirty guineas covered with a napxin. Instead of offering the trout to his guest as expected, he excused himself by telling them that his wife had wished to treat them with trout, but that he had deemed it a sinful extravagance to pay a guinea a piece for them. He, however, to convince his guest the love of money was not the cause (for he did not value it when employed for a good purpose) uncovered the dish, and requested each of his guests to take a guinea to bestow in charity on the poor or distressed. One of the company immediately proposed that each of them should add the guinea which they would have consumed in eating of the trout, in order that more of the poor might be relieved and raised into easy circumstances by the gift of the sixty guineas.

Of the manner of this merchant's actions, and the source from which they flowed, let every reader form his own opinion. Thus much is certain, that instead of extravagant dinners or parties which tended to no good, one might, for a much less price, have a feast of the purest joy, by relieving the distresses of a poor but worthy family

GENTLE RIVER, GENTLE RIVER.

Translated from the Spanish.

BY MR. PERCY.

Although the English are remarkable for the number and variety of their ancient ballads, and retain perhaps a greater fondness for these old simple rhapsodies of their ancestors than most other nations, they are not the only people who have distinguished themselves by compositions of this kind. The Spaniards have great multitudes of them, many of which are of the highest merit. They call them in their language Romances.—Most of them relate to their conflicts with the Moors, and display a spirit of gallantry peculiar to that romantic people. The following is a specimen.

GENTLE river, gentle river,
Lo, thy streams are stain'd with gore;
Many a brave and noble captain
Floats along thy willow'd shore.

All beside thy limpid waters,
All beside thy sands so bright,
Moorish Chiefs and Christian warriors
Join'd in fierce and mortal fight.

Lords and dukes, and noble princes,
On thy fatal banks were slain.
Fatal banks that gave to slaughter
All the pride and flow'r of Spain.

There the hero, brave Alonzo,
Full of wounds and glory died;
There the fearless Urdiales
Fell a victim by his side.

Lo! where yonder Don Saavedra
Through their squadrons slow retires;
Proud Seville, his native city,
Proud Seville his worth admires.

Close behind a renegado
Loudly shouts with taunting cry;
Yield thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra!
Dost thou from the battle fly?

Well I know thee, haughty christian,
Long I liv'd beneath thy roof:
Oft I've in the lists of glory
Seen thee win the prize of proof.

Well I know thy aged parents,
Well thy blooming bride I know;
Seven years I was thy captive,
Seven years of pain and woe.

May our prophet grant my wishes,
Haughty chief thou shalt be mine:
Thou shalt drink that cup of sorrow
Which I drank when I was thine.

Like a lion turns the warrior,
Back he sends an angry glare;
Whizzing came the moorish javelin,
Vainly whizzing through the air.

Back the hero full of fury
Sent a deep and mortal wound;
Instant sunk the renegado
Mute and lifeless on the ground.

With a thousand Moors surrounded,
Brave Saavedra stands at bay;
Wearied out, but never daunted,
Cold at length the warrior lay.

Near him fighting, great Alonzo
Stout resists the Paynim bands:
From his slaughter'd steed dismounted,
Firm intrench'd behind him stands.

Furious press the hostile squadron,
Furious he repels their rage.
Loss of blood at length enfeebles:
Who can war with thousands wage?

Where yon rock the plain o'ershadows,
Close beneath its foot retir'd,
Fainting sunk the bleeding hero,
And without a groan expir'd.

MIDNIGHT ALARM.

H—tin, the late trumpeter, some time before his death, was quartered at a public house in Whitechapel, where he went with his billet. The landlord was one of those surly ill-natured fellows that sometimes disgrace even an alehouse, but H—tin, good-natured and eccentric. Are you the landlord, Sir? Yes, what do you want? I have a billet on you, Sir. D—n you and your billet too—I am eat up by your lazy blackguard cloth. Don't be angry, if you must have one; you can't have a better fellow than myself. Shall I sleep in, or will you pay me out? said H—tin.—How much do you ask to sleep out for the year?—A guinea and a half, replied H—tin. Why then you may sleep in, I will not give you half the money. There's a bed in the garret, so bad that nobody else can sleep in it, but it is good enough for a soldier.—H——tin came home at eleven, drank some brandy and water, then mounted the attic story to bed. About one o'clock the whole house followed the example; and about half past one, when sound in their first sleep, did H—tin approach the top of the bannisters, and where, resting his trumpet, he began a dreadful charge. Every soul in the house instantly got up; the dog barked—the cat mewed, the children squalled; and out ran the landlord to the stair case:—What the devil are you about, you rascal? Sir, I am for guard at six o'clock, and I have a new charge to practise, and if I am not perfect, I shall be sent to the black hole. Besides the king's duty must be done. He continued the same music nearly two hours, then dressed himself and set off for guard. In the evening he came home again, when the landlord accosted him thus: Why, you scoundrel, how came you to disturb the family and the neighbourhood last night, with your cursed trumpet? Sir, I always practice in the night, from necessity; for I am on guard all day, and we are ordered to practise till we can sound this new charge perfectly. Take your guinea and a half, and set off. I can't, Sir, said H——tin, quarters have been raised since twelve o'clock to-day—I must have two guineas now. I'll not give it, at any rate, you imposter, said the landlord. Well, said H——tin, never mind, in eight or nine nights more I shall be perfect, and then I mayn't have another charge to practise for a week. What, eight or nine nights more! there take your two guineas, and go to the devil with your cursed trumpet! [Lond. pap.]

CITY SHOWER.

THERE is something consummately sullen in a rainy day in the city. The streets sound hollow, as now and then a heavy coach drives along, or as the drenched horse clatters rapidly over the pavements with his drizzling rider. The lady visitant trips homeward, (for it rains too hard to get a coach,) her muslins clinging and fadging to her limbs, so that they creak with their tight sitting.

How different is a shower in the Country! How pleasant is it, then, to sit at the window of my country house, and listen to the gentle kisses of rain-drops and leaves; to hear the drooping bird chirp faintly from the orchard: and the dripping cattle, gathering close, low at the gate! How soft the air, filled with the freshness of the vallies, and the fragrancies of the plains! But how sweet is its clearing up at evening—the rainbow glimmering—the broad sun shedding a faint light over the deepened landscape, the birds shaking their little wings, and opening their merry throats, and man and beast peaceful and contented!

FEMALE SPIRIT.

NOT long since, a couple were going to be married, and had proceeded as far as the clergyman's door, the gentleman stopped his fair comrade with the following unexpected address:—'Eliza, during our courtship I have told you most of my mind, but

I have not told you all my mind; when we are married I shall insist upon three things.' What are they? asked the astonished lady. In the first place, said he, I shall lie alone, secondly, I shall eat alone; and lastly, I shall find fault when there is no occasion; can you submit to these conditions? O yes, sir, very easily, she replies, for if you lie alone, I shall not; if you eat alone, I shall eat first: and as to your finding fault without occasion, that I think may be prevented, for I will take care that you shall never want occasion. They were married, and the writer of this wishes them much happiness.

A BRIGHT IDEA.

Not long since a young Lawyer who resides in the interior of this state, observed in a company of Ladies, that the weather was extremely hot, and continued, "*the clouds so surround the elements, that the wind cannot get to the air.*"

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, SEPTEMBER 5, 1807.

The city inspector reports the death of 73 persons (18 men, 9 women, 28 boys and 18 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz Of apoplexy 1, child bed 1, consumption 8, convulsions 8, decay 2, dropsy 2, drowned 1, dysentery 2, bilious fever 1, nervous fever 4, typhus fever 2, infantine flux 25, inflammation of the lungs 1, influenza 3, mortification 3, pleurisy 2, sprue 1, still born 1, teething 1, vomiting blood 1, whooping cough 1, worms 3.

On Thursday afternoon Barney Callahan, a stevidore, dropped down in the street and expired His sudden death is said to have been caused by the immoderate use of spirituous liquors.

On Thursday afternoon a pettiauger belonging to Captain Conklin, with 8000 staves on board, ran foul of a ship's hawser, carried away one of her masts, and filled—the people were picked up.

Nine United States gun-boats arrived at this port on Wednesday from Portland.

Baltimore August 26.—A melancholy accident occurred on Monday last to Mr. Seclaire (a respectable apothecary of this city) his wife and children; who were recreating themselves in a chaise, when some silly, unreflecting person raised a vociferous hallo, which so frightened the horse that he ran off in full speed, the chaise was overturned, one of the children killed, and the lady and other children severely injured.

We have this morning seen an extract of a letter from a gentleman resident in Canandaigua, to his friend in this city, stating that he had received letters direct from Detroit which mentioned that a numerous body of Indians had encamped near that place, and had inhumanly and wantonly massacreed a number of families the cause of which outrage was affirmed to be British influence.

Mohawk Ad.

Accounts from Detroit state, that the first effects of a war with Great Britain will be a savage warfare on the whole extent of our frontier, by the Indians, who, notwithstanding all which our government have done for them have a strong antipathy to the *Long Knives*, as they call Americans. *Boston Cent.*

Baltimore, August 12.—A few nights since, about 9 o'clock, a gentleman and lady, returning from spending the evening with a friend in the environs of this city, were attacked by two fellows with clubs in their hands; one with a light coloured coatee on; the other wrapped up in a dark coloured surtout, when with dreadful imprecations, demanded the gentleman's money, which, without hesitation, was delivered up, (a three dollar note of the bank of Delaware, being all he had about him) they demanded his watch and were disappointed in not finding one in his possession; dissatisfied with their booty, one of the villains snatched off the lady's bonnet, while the other with his club uplifted, threatened to knock the gentleman's brains out if he did not let the lady go, and attempted to use force to effect it. Fired with a just resentment, he determined to lose his life, rather than relinquish a female under his protection to the mercy of such ruffians.

He recollected he had a penknife in his pocket he prepared to open it, which being observed by one of the villains, he aimed a blow with his cudgel at the gentleman's head, which fortunately missed it and alighted on his shoulders; he instantly sprung forward, seized the assassin by the collar ere he could again raise his cudgel, and with his penknife gave him such a wound as brought him to the ground, where he was left; the other on finding his companion wounded, jumped over the adjoining fence and made his escape.

It may be added, that the distressed situation of the lady prevented the gentleman from securing the villain.

A very melancholy accident occurred in this city last week. A young man came from the country to see a female relation, who was servant to a spirit dealer, at the West end of the town; the girl applied to her master for a glass of spirits for her friend, who, happening to be busy at the time, directed her to draw it from a cask which he described; she, however, mistook the direction, and drew off a glass of vitriol. The young man drank the burning liquor at a draught, and expired in the most excruciating agony in two hours after. *Dub. pap.*

ANTIQUE CLOCK.

In the hall of Mercury, at Versailles, is a clock, made about one hundred years ago, by a self-taught artist. When the clock strikes two cocks crow, and flap their wings; at the same moment from a little door, two Cupids (of bronze) come forward with drums, and beat the quarters with hammers. In the middle appears the statue of Lewis XIV. above whose head the Goddess of Victory hovers, and holds a crown; mean time the clock plays, and at the end of the tune all vanish at once.

One of the good fathers of the curch wrote a treatise to prove that no man's *brains* were ever blown out in a duel, on the ground—for if he had *brains* he would not fight a duel.

COURT OF HYMEN.

Hail, hallow'd Wedlock! first of blessings giv'n In smiling Eden, by all bounteous heav'n! Over all the human race extend thy sway; But teach us first thy precepts to obey. As kindred elements with kindred join, So kindred souls with kindred should combine; Congenial minds alone true bliss can prove, And harmony alone's the bliss of love.

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev Dr Mc Knight, Captain John J Wilson to Miss Mary Elliot, both of this city.

At Baltimore, on the 25th instant, by the Rev Mr Inglis, Jesse L Keene, Esq of Philadelphia, to Miss Bryden, daughter of James Bryden, Esq of that place.

MORTALITY.

Let night, let day, let suns, let clouds, let flowrs, To giddy mortals some great truth convey: Behold man's little life—his morn—his hours—— Scarce reaching up to noon——he fades away!

DIED,

On Thursday se'nnight, aged 52 years, Mr. Andrew Gordon, of Charleston, a gentleman highly esteemed by a numerous and respectable acquaintance.

On Friday se'nnight, at her father's country seat at Poughkeepsie, Mrs. Rebecca Bailey, wife of General Theodorus Bailey, Post-master of this city.

Of an apoplexy, in the 54th year of his age, Mr James Carter, for many years a respectable merchant of this city.

On Tuesday evening, Mr Richard Morris, in the 50th year of his age.

On Wednesday morning, Captain Joseph Sproall, in the 32d year of his age.

At Portland, (Maine) August 25, the late VALIANT COMMODORE PREBLE, after a lingering illness. Great preparations were making at that place for his funeral.

At Alexandria, Dr James Gillies, a physician of eminence.

At Philadelphia, Mr Charles Duffield.

At Trenton, on Saturday last, Isaac Smith, Esq. in the 72d year of his age, late President of the bank of Trenton, and formerly one of the justices of the Supreme Court of that state.

EPIGRAM.

THE PRUDENT HUSBAND

Dick's wife was sick, and pos'd to doctors skill, Who differ'd how to cure the inveterate ill. Purging the one prescribed; No quoth the other, That will do neither good or harm, dear brother; Bleeding's the only thing—'twas quick reply'd. That's certain death—But since we differ wide, Tis fit the husband chuse by whom to abide. Ise no great skill, cries Richard, by the rood! But Ise think bleeding's like to do most good

EPITAPH.

in Wrexham church-yard.

Here lies old Hare, worn out with care
Who whilom toll'd the bell,
Could dig a grave, or set a stave,
And say amen full well.
For sacred song, he'd Sternhold's tongue,
And hopkins' eke also;
With cough and hem, he stood by them,
As far as lungs would go.
Many a feast for worms he drest,
Himself then wanting bread;
But lo! he's gone, with skin and bone,
To starve them now he's dead.
Here take his spade, and use his trade,
Since he is out of breath;
Cover the bones of him, who once
Wrought journey-work for death.

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE THORN.

BY WM. M. T——.

Written on the Banks of the Mersey: in imitation of Southey's "Holly Tree."

"I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize!" SOUTHEY.

BLACK, rugged, river thorn!
That on this bank sea-worn,
Where often tempest driven the wave
Thy root doth lave,
Rearest thy head amid the wint'ry wind
That blows upon thee—ev'n as man unkind!

I view thee, aged thorn!
When straying, all forlorn,
At close of eve I think upon the days
When mankind's ways
To me were yet unknown—and memory sighs
For the lost sun-shine of youth's cloudless skies.

Then think I, aged thorn!
When, by the whirlwind borne,
The foaming billows dash'd against this rock,
That still the shock
Thou bor st unmov'd; that still unmov'd thou seem'd
Whilst o'er thy rugged head the forky lightning gleam'd.

Ah, could I, aged thorn!
Who oft for mankind borne,
Unmov'd as thee his miseries behold?—
To feeling cold
Could I view life's rude tempest round me rise,
Nor give to sorrow's child ('tis all I have) my sighs!

No! thou just emblem of the Stoic cold!
I can't behold
Vice happy, 'worth oppress'd,
And in my breast
Check the warm glow of anger—or the tear
That weeps the many woes man feels whilst ling'ring here.

ANECDOTE

OF A CELEBRATED GAMESTER.

A few weeks before he was to sail for India, General O—e constantly attended Paine's, in Charles Street, St James's Square, where he alternately won and lost large sums. One evening there were before him two wooden bowls full of gold, which held 1500 guineas each; and also four thousand guineas in rouleaus, which he had won. When the box came to him, he shook the dice, with great coolness and pleasantry said, 'Come, I'll either win or lose seven thousand upon this hand, will any gentleman set me the whole? Seven is the main.' Then rattling the dice one more, cast the box down, and quitted it, the dice remaining covered. Though the general did not consider this too large a sum for one man to risk at a single throw, the rest of the gentlemen did, and for some time he remained unset. He then said 'Well, gentlemen, will you make it up amongst you?' One set him 500l another 500l. 'Come (says he) while you are making up this 7000l. I'll tell you a story.'—Here he began to relate a story that was pertinent to the moment; but perceiving that he was completely set, stopped short, laid his hand upon the box, saying I believe I am set, gentlemen? Yes, Sir, seven is the main. He threw out*! then with astonishing coolness, he took up his snuff box, and smiling, said Now gentlemen, I'll finish my story, if you please!!

* For the information of those unacquainted with hazard, it is necessary to state that to throw out, means to lose.

MORALIST.

MORAL REFLECTIONS.

The too favorable light in which intemperate anger has been generally viewed has, in our opinion, tended to encourage its indulgence. It has been considered rather as a natural infirmity, arising from an unhappy temperament, than as a moral evil, or criminal excess. The tempest of some are supposed to be so extremely irritable, as that they are incapable of restraining them.—Some persons, we readily admit are constitutionally more passionate than others. But as self government is by our religion enjoined by all, without exception, all must be capable of complying with that duty, if proper means are used, and exertions made, to effect the purpose. To suppose the contrary, would be an insult on the justice as well as the goodness of God. For what more unjust or cruel can we impute to the universal parent, than that he requires of his rational offspring what they are incapable of performing, thus expecting "to reap where he has not sowed," and "to gather where he has not strewed" that Lord himself treated this impious plea with deserved indignation. There is truth, as well as piety, in the following lines of the Poet:—

"'Tis our Jehovah fills the heavens, so long
As he shall reign Almighty, we are strong."
"we, by devotion, borrow from his throne,
And almost make Omnipotence our own."

St. Paul held the same opinion:—"I can," say the apostle, "do all things through Christ strengthing me."

Although some may from nature, yet we believe more are from criminal indulgence, more inflammable than others. In general passionate people are distinguished by great pride, or vanity, feeble intellect and but little acquaintance with religious principles. Pride renders them extremely irascible. They have not energy of mind sufficient to restrain their passions, and lose all the powerful aids of religion, from their being either unacquainted with, or neglecting to improve them.

AN OLD MAN.

JEWELRY,

At No. 4 Park, between Shakespeare Gallery and Broadway.

EDWARD ROCKWELL informs his customers, that he has for sale a large assortment of the newest and most fashionable gold ear rings, breast pins, lockets, finger rings, miniature settings, pearl, plain and enameled, and of every fashion, hair worked necklaces, and gold do. bracelets, clasps, chains, watch chains, seals and keys, &c. He has also silver tea sets, table and tea spoons, sugar tongs, and a variety of articles appropriate to his line of business, which are too numerous to mention; he will sell at the lowest price, and will warrant the gold and silver work which are of his own manufactory to be equal to any.

august 15 1m

CISTERNS,

Made and put in the ground complete,—warranted tight, by ALFORD & MERVIN,
No. 15 Catharine-street, near the watch-house

RAGS

Cash given for clean cotton and linen RAGS at this office.

NOTICE.

J. Woolfendale, Dentist has removed from No. 84 Broadway, to No. 27 Partion-street, opposite the lower corner of St. Paul's church-yard.

TORTOISE SHELL COMBS

FOR SALE BY
N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER
FROM LONDON,
AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN ROSE
NO 114, BROADWAY.

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies' ornamented COMBS, of the newest fashion.—Also, Ladies' plain Tortoise Shell COMBS of all kinds

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agreeable perfume 4 & 8s each.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream for taking off all kinds of roughness clears and prevents the the skin from chopping. 4s per pot

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square

Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns: and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 3s. 4s. 8 & 12s bottle, or 3 dolls per quart

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s and 8s. per pot. Smith's tooth Paste warranted

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s 6d per lb

Violet double scented Rose 2s. 6d

Smith's Savoynette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, 4s. & 8s per dot, do paste

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted—2s and 4s per box

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or pearl Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essence

Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil, for curling, glossing and thickening the Hair and preventing it from runing grey, 4s. per bottle

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pamatums, 1s. per pot or roll. Doled do 2s

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips, 2s and 4s per box. Smith's Lotion for the Teeth, warranted

Hispurified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical principles to help the operation of shaving. 4s & 1s 6d

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaister, 3s per box.

Ladies silk Braces do. Elastic worsted and cotton Garters

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket-Books

, The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Penknives, Scissars Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn combs Superfine white Starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration which is not the case with Imported Perfumery

☞ Great allowance to those who buy to sell again

January 3, 1807

THOMAS HARRISON,

Late from London, Silk, Cotton, & Woolen Dyer No. 63, Liberty-Street, near Broad-way, New-York, Can furnish the Ladies with the most fashionable colours. Ladies dresses, of every description, cleaned, dyed, and glazed without having them ripped.—All kinds of rich Silks cleaned, and restored as nearly as possible, to their original lustre. Silk Stockings, bedhangings, Carpeting &c. cleaned and dyed; Gentlemen's clothes: cleaned wet or dry: and Calicoes dyed black, on an improved plan

N. B. Family's residing on any part of the Continent & wishing to favor him with their orders, shall be punctually attended to and returned by such conveyance that is most convenient

December 6.

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